

Why lie?

by Venelina

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Summary: A one shot dedicated to my OTP from TDA series Emma and Mark! We need a ship name for them soon. (Memma? Mamma? Emmark?) This is approximately a week after the end of Lady Midnight and how I imagine things to go. I tried to keep the characters true to themselves and to their original characteristics in the books, I hope you enjoy it!

1. Chapter 1

I started shipping Emma and Mark after reading the prologue of CoHF so yeah, here is a little contribution to my OTP. This is a short oneshot, also I am trying to keep the characters as close to the original as possible. Please excuse my English I am not native, but feel free to correct me and show me my mistakes! It's been a long time since I've written anything so this is my comeback!
>WARNING HEAVY SPOILERS!
You've been warned!

>Enjoy!<p>

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She was under the water again. Under the deep blue ocean, that scared her so much. Her mouth was shut, afraid to open it to scream, while clenching her teeth and wrists with a furious force. She was facing the surface, she could still see the blue sky above her, could see the stars which were shining like seraph baldes in the darkness. The moon the biggest witchlight she's ever seen.

Emma was sinking and she felt a heavy weight on her chest pushing her down. She was out of oxygen. The unknown source of the pressure on her chest felt like a huge rock that was pressing the air out of her lungs and taking her deeper into the ocean, the pitch black void she was both fascinated and scared of. She was trying to push the rock away, but there was nothing to push away, there was just the heavy sensation on her chest, that was suffocating her. The stars above her

and the moon were going further away from her, she was sinking, slowly but steady. Her body was numb, unable to move or struggle. She was trapped in her own body, only her thoughts fighting.

She woke up with a startle and sat up straight, taking in a deep breath. Her forehead was wet and she was starting to adjust her breathing. A nightmare, it was all but a nightmare. She took in her surroundings and saw a hand on her lap, below her abdomen. \_Julian, \_she thought, but after gazing at the person beside her she realized. It was Mark's. She let out a sigh and moved his hand gently away from her lap then got up.

Mark was sleeping on his stomach and didn't seem to have noticed Emma's movements. His face was buried in the pillows and his curly, blond hair covered it. The blanket on him was covering his lower back, Emma could see the tight black t-shirt he was wearing and the lean muscles beneath it, which he got after training regularly in the Institute with his siblings and Emma. She went to her closet, fished a sweatshirt, put it on and was about to go to Jule's room to seek comfort, when Mark's muffled, sleepy voice stopped her.

'Where are you going?' Mark's face was still buried in pillows and blankets, he didn't bother to move much, she could only see one eye, shining bright in the dark room, illuminating everything like a light of hope. That typical blue-green Blackthorn color staring through her with expectation and something challenging. Emma didn't know what to say.

'I- to get some fresh air.' she said in the end.

'Or you mean Julian's fresh air.' He said still through covers and blankets and who knows what else he was covered in. Maybe he had another t-shirt beneath the one he was wearing, like last time. For a moment she thought there was a plush toy under his chin. Maybe in the end he did manage to find his old belongings and the toys he used to have and play with. He looked both sleepy and fairly aware of what was happening. Bad for Emma, he was not sleeping for sure.

She had forgotten about their plan, more like her plan. She couldn't go to Jules, not like that. She was not allowed to do that. She was with Mark now and she should try and seek comfort in him, or at least fake it. Lie about it, just like she had asked him to lie about their relationship.

>She pulled the sweatshirt from her head and let it fall on the floor. He was still looking at her, challenging and even though she couldn't see his other eye, she still could see the wildness in him. The fear in him, the Hunt.<p>

Mark, still lying on his stomach, patted the empty spot beside him with his hand. The hand that was on her chest a while ago and was making her think she was drowning. She couldn't remember when or how or even why he got in her room. Was it with her consent? She couldn't remember, it was all a blur.

She went back to him and laid on her back, staring at the ceiling.

'Do you want to talk about it?' He asked gently still in the same position, still in the same muffled voice. Emma shook her head in answer. In turn Mark put his arm around her waist. She arched a bit

to the side, surprised by the touch. Mark put his arm away and moved so that he was hovering over her, one arm supporting his head, his eyes concentrated on hers.

'I can go if you want me to.'

'No!' She said a little too fast and a bit too eagerly. 'Don't go, yet.' She added after a while. Mark nodded.

'I just had a nightmare, nothing unusual.' She explained with a silent, tired voice.

'I'd say it is unusual if you wanted to go to Julian.' Emma swallowed. He was able to read her all too well for someone who was a total stranger to her. She should have known better, he was the older brother in the end. There was a time, not too long ago, when he was taking care of his siblings when he had to. He took care of her when she was little as well, he must have noticed things she thought stayed unnoticed. He supervised not only the Blackthorns when they trained or played at the beach, but her as well. She was more or less a big part of the family. She was always welcomed there.

'We do that you know.' She said after a long pause. 'We go to each other when we have nightmares and try to chase them away. Seek comfort in each other. I forgot I can't do that now. Not like this.' Her eyes were still focused on the ceiling even though she felt Mark's gaze on her face. She swallowed again and then felt a light touch on her hand. Mark was drawing lines and circles around the bare skin. She giggled.

'Is it ticklish?' She nodded and scratched her hand on the places where he touched her. For a moment their fingers connected without any one of them moving away. Emma looked into his eyes. She felt lost again. And maybe a little scared and fascinated at the same time. He was something different, something untamed and wild. Mark took her hand into his and gave her a friendly squeeze.

'Thank you.' she said quietly and dreamy, still lost in his eyes.

'For what?'

'For doing this for me. Lying you know. To your own siblings and the people you actually love or at least you're interested in.'

'How come ...'

'You're not the only one who can see things. I've noticed the way you look at Cristina, but also the way you look at Kieran, and in the end you're still doing this for me.'

'I owe you, after what you did for me and my brother. I owe you even more.'

'You don't have to do it. I don't want to force you into anything.'

'You said this is saving Juian, right? You said what we are doing is about him being safe?' Emma nodded. 'Then we do it.'

The way he said the last sentence had something dangerous and feral about itself. It made him seem scary and foreign. Emma shifted uncomfortably under her covers and his touch.

'Am I intimidating you?' He asked eyes still focused on her face.

'A little I guess. It's just â€¦' she trailed off, not shure how to continue explaining herself without hurting or insultig him. Truth to be told he has changed a lot. A lot more then she and Julian and the younger Blackthorns dared to admit, dared to see. He was so fragile, but so strong at the same time, so familiar and then again so foreign. He was not the Mark she last saw five years ago. Not the boy she wanted to go back to when they were cornered by endarkend warriors. Not the one who was in charge of them, the one who was serious and easily annoyed, the one who knew what was doing and was capable of standing his own ground.

Julian was all that. Julian was in chrage, Julian was taking take of everything and everybody. He was running an Institute, he was a father and a mother to his younger siblings and now ironically to his older borthers.

'It's just what?' Mark's voice chased away Emma's thoughts.

'I've never imagined myself in this situation before. This is just different and strange.' Emma said while waving her hands above her head, in hopes to explain her thoughts better.

'Or do you mean I am different and strange.' Amused, Mark raised an eyebrow.

'Yes and no.' Emma said finally.

'Well, you can always tell me when I am overstepping my borders.' Saying that he turned away from her and laid on his back, one hand behind his head, the other on his chest, eyes closed.

'Speaking of borders' Emma said and shifted gto her side so that now she was the one looking over at Mark with one hand propped on her pillow, supporting her head. 'When did you get here? And why?'

They've made the deal to pretend that they are falling in love a week ago, but it was the first time that Mark was showing affection or seeking closeness to her now when they were alone. He was doing a great job joking around with Emma, teasing her unobtrusively, flirtig with her, but also making sure that someone in the house saw the affection and attention he was showing toward her. She was just so worried about it all she let him do the whole job. He took the initiative and she tried to play along as well as she could, but there was a problem to that.

She couldn't play along. She couldn't fake it. Some of it felt too real and he was good at making her forget for a moment. Forget the bad things that have happened, the whole point of starting this relationship. She was going along with his flow and was sincerely responding to his actions.

Like this morning for example, when he was teasing her in the kitchen

and tugging her by her braid, while she was washing the dishes, hands busy scrubbing dirty plates and forks, all wet and soapy. Only Dru and Tavvy were with them and they didn't pay big attention to them, mostly because they didn't know Mark was actually flirting with Emma, while she was complaining and threatening him and trying to spray him with water. Only when he undid her braid and her curls fell on her back and over her shoulders did they notice something was off. Emma was now asking and pleading Mark to tie her hair back so that she could finish her job while actually being able to see what she was doing and not getting her hair wet. She was bad at domestic chores and with her hair in the way it was even a bigger mess. After teasing her a little more he stood behind her and pulled her hair out of her face.

The gentleness he touched her with, threw her off guard. The whole moment has changed in a single second from a children's teasing to something much more intimate. He was standing so close to her she could feel his breath on her neck while he was caressing her hair. His fingers both warm and cold on her neck and jawline.

'Can I try and make a braid?' He had asked her then, with a quiet and raspy voice and Emma, all flushed and unable to speak just shook her head yes. He had then proceeded on tying her hair into a braid and complimenting her soft curls. It was then when Julian and Cristina walked into the kitchen and saw them by the sink, close to each other with Mark's hands in Emma's hair which was let loose. Something Julian loved and something he didn't get to see often. This was not much of a deal if you are Cristina or the kids, but to Julian it was the beginning of a heartbreaking and horrible end. She could see the pain and betrayal in his eyes the moment they made eye contact and he left just as suddenly as he had come.

'I came a while ago. I felt lonely and thought now that I have a girlfriend I should use the opportunity and not spent the night alone.' He opened his eyes and looked at Emma who was still lost in thought over this morning's memory. 'Do you want me to leave?'

'No.' She said fast. 'It's just that I thought maybe you heard me and-'

'I did.' He said. 'I was on my way here and I could hear you from the hallway mumbling something and tossing and turning in your bed.'

Emma felt embarrassed and uncomfortable. She was used to Julian seeing her in her weakest moments and comforting her. This was new to her.

'I shook you a little and you seemed to be fine. I got in bed next to you and patted your stomach lightly since that's how I used to calm Ty and Julian down. It seemed to work so I fell asleep myself. I guess my hand must have moved upward while I was sleeping. I woke up right after you sat upstraight. I was just curious what you were going to do next so I just watched.'

'Okay, that is overstepping your borders. You can't just pretend to be sleeping while actually watching me. What if I got undressed?'

'You actually got more dressed instead.'

'That's not the point. I don't like being seen like this.'

'Like what?'

'Like being helpless and scared and-' She took a breath. 'In pain I guess.'

'Emma, I've known you since you were a baby, I've seen a lot of sides from you. This was nothing new. This was a normal human reaction to a scary nightmare. It means you're still functioning right. You should be worried if you wake up indifferent to it all. That will be scary.'

It was amazing how easy it was to listen to him and believe him, how calming he was making her feel. For a moment she felt and saw the old Mark. The one who scolded her and Julian when they messed up and painted the family cat blue, got annoyed at the kids for making too much noise or actually being a caring and responsible brother and building them a giant fortress from pillows and blankets and playing with them in it. She felt secure and familiar with him. Like someone you can rely on to and let them listen to your problems and help you solve them. She felt at ease.

'Thank you.' She said quietly and laid down beside him face looking up at him.

'For what?' He asked and turned his head to hers. They were pretty close to each other now, but it didn't bother Emma, nor Mark obviously.

'For saying that. It helped, so thank you.' She closed her eyes and let a sigh out. She felt somehow lighter now. She felt Mark move beside her and when she opened her eyes, she saw him lying on his side, just like her, mirroring her position and looking at her on eye level. They were close. Too close.

>But little did they know it was a closeness they both sought, craved and needed in order to mend their broken hearts and heal all the open wounds.<p>

Mark put a hand around her waist and rubbed her back reassuringly.

'Goodnight Emma.'

Emma shifted closer to him, until her forehead was propped on his collar bone, one hand against his chest with fingers slightly curling in his t-shirt.

'Goodnight Mark.'

## 2. Chapter 2

F\*ck oneshots I say as I write a new chapter to the previous one. I just had this idea so I decided to put it to paper so to say. In case you want me to continue I'll will do so but only by demand since I am not very motivated to write right now as I am out of ideas. In case you want to read more and have requests on what you want to see and

how you want me to develop the realationships between the characters then feel free to tell me or ask me on my tumblr: . Remember that I am trying to keep the characters as close to the original ones as possible, so if you want more explicit content, then I'll have to write a separate fic.  
>Excuse the mistakes and enjoy!<p>

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The next day was no better. Sure thing Emma had someone to calm her down, but that someone was also incredibly unnerving and had been pushing her to the edge and she was both thankful to Mark's presence the night before and both intimidated by it. She had found it pretty hard to fall asleep in someone's arms, especially if that someone was your parabatai's brother, who you were pretend dating.

She was worried that if she moved, she would wake him up; the same went for him as well. In the end they both didn't get enough sleep and decided it was better to let it go by the time the sun rose and the bright rays of sunlight came in Emma's room.

She went straight for a jog and Mark left for his room. Maybe he was going to get some quality sleep since he was kind to stay with her and not getting sleep himself. She was thankful to him for what he was doing for her. He was actually hurting his beloved little bother, blindly following her pleads and doing anything she asked of him. She knew she had to repay him somehow. Even though it was him who was repaying her, she felt indepted to him.

Emma had breakfast by herself. _Good, _she thought. Better be alone for a bit longer. She had classes today with Diana in the library. More like meeting about the recent events in the Institute. All the Blackthorns did have classes today, including Prefect Diego, who seemed to be enjoying his stay here at the LA Institute. Especially the company of Cristina.

It was hard enough to stay awake while having breakfast, now Emma felt like the claws of a demon where pulling her toward wonderland. The crueller and bloodier version of it, but still wonderland, where she would sleep on a nice, soft, warm bed. She had stucked her head between all her notes and books opened before her, when Diana came in front of her and threw a book on the table. Emma straightened herself on the spot and woke up for a few seconds.

'Late again last night?' Diana asked raising an eyebrow.

'Couldn't sleep.' she told her and felt immediatley Julian's eyes on her. He knew that she sometimes looked like that after coming late or early in the morning back home after being out with Cameron or someone else. The fact that she couldn't sleep meant she had nightmares. He knew that much. He knew her better then she knew herself.

'Emma if you want to talk-'

'You are never there.' Emma cut her off rudely and Diana seemed hurt. 'I'm sorry but it seems to me that when we need you the most, you're not here. You're the last person I will tell anything.'

Okay she was making a drama out of the situation, but she was so grumpy and sleep deprived she couldn't control herself. Plus it wasn't as if she wasn't lying. Diana was worse than Church when it came to support and a shoulder to cry on, at least that judgy, gray fluffly, bastard was there when she felt down and insecure.

'And what about you?' Diana asked Mark, seeing that there was no point to argue with an angry Emma and pulled a book beneath his elbow and he almost hit his head into the table. It was just now that Emma noticed he was sleeping and was looking just as messed up as her. If not a bit worse. Her morning jog and cold shower had woken her up a little, but Mark's dark circles under his eyes were clearly visible.

'Couldn't sleep.' He said groggily.

'I swear to the Angel if both of you went out and did who knows what and I am going to have to take responsibility, I will put a 24/7 supervision on both of you.'

Emma could feel Julian tensing up, just by the mention of her and Mark being together.

'Well, it will be a first to take care of our mess now, won't it?' Emma asked sarcastically.

'Look, I know what happened was hard on you. On all of you.' She said finally turning herself to everyone. 'I am sorry I wasn't there from the beginning to the end, but I was there, I was supporting you. I just have my reasons for doing it that way.'

'Whatever you say.' Emma told her and Diana dismissed today's meeting. It seemed to be enough for all of them.

—

'Can I have a word with you Em?'

_This is how I go down, _Emma thought to herself and let out a sigh and went after Julian who was seeking privacy. They went outside, on the front steps of the Institute.

'What is going on with you?' He asked a bit angrier than worried. It was a surprise, but given what he was told a week ago, that she doesn't love him and the fact that he was now seeing her in the presence of his bother, sure made him angrier than worried.

'Bad sleep, that's all.' She said and shrugged.

'Are you okay? Emma we should talk.'

'We are talking now.'

'I mean about us.'

'There is nothing to say. I told you what I felt a week ago. You are my parabatai and it should stay that way. Let's not make things any worse.'

'Emma we-' he broke off when he realised his voice was a bit hectic

and loud. He pulled Emma to the side and started off with a whisper. 'We slept together!' He said amazed by the whole event that had taken place a few weeks ago.

'And it was a mistake!' Emma whispered back.

'You love me Emma, I know you love me.' He said it like he needed to hear it from her mouth. To hear her confirm it.

'Of course I do.' She said with pain in her chest. 'You are my parabatai, you've always been there for me and taken care of me!'

'No I mean in a different way. In a way you've never loved before.'

'No, Julian. You are lying to yourself. If you think that by sleeping with you I love you, then that means I love Cameron and other people I've shared a bed with.'

This was it. This was pretty much the final blow she could deliver to him. She saw his face change and she felt the pain he felt around his heart. It was so painful and agonizing to see him like this. To be the cause of his suffering even when it meant good.

>He probaly knew that she and Cameron were pretty close and intimate to each other, but she was sure he didn't want to have it confirmed. To hear that she had slept with somebody already and probably other people as well. It was one thing to think and assume, but it was totally different to know the facts about someone you loved.<p>

'What about Mark?' His voice hoarse, his eyes pinned to the ground. He couldn't look her in the eye. He couldn't look at her and hear what he was about to hear. It was painful enough already.

'What about him?' Emma played stupid.

'Don't pretend. You know what I mean. You're spending way too much time together.'

'Am I not allowed to? Plus we've always been close to each other.'

'But not like this.'

'Like what?' She insisted.

'Like you love him!' he shouted and Emma froze. Seems like there was another final blow to deliver. 'Aren't you going to deny it?' Julian asked her impatiently.

Emma rubbed her temples and tuned around and walked away a few stapes from Jualan. This was going to be hard. It was hard already, but this was taking a new turn.

'Em!' She heard the pleading in his voice and tried her best not to break into tears. It was all too much for her. For him. For both of them and for Mark. She turned around and looked at him.

'I do love him. I love you all. I can't deny it. I love Cristina, I

love the kids, I love Diana. Perfect Diego is another story, but I don't hate him yet.' She had a feeling he was about to do something stupid and hurt Cristina and she felt obliged to break his arms and legs, pin him to a wall and gut him while still alive.

'You know what I mean Em.' He told her, his face and voice tired as if he was the one who didn't get enough sleep.

'I-'

'Let's go swimming!' Tavvy burst out the front door of the Institute, Drusila behind him running towards the beach. The twins followed, Ty practically dragged by Livvy and Kit behind them with Christina and Diego, who seemed to be a big help for him. Mark came out as last and stopped to look at Emma and Julian.

'Wanna go for a swim?' He said trying to sound more human than faerie and held his towel with one hand across his shoulder.

'I hate the water.' Emma told him. 'But I will come with you to the beach as long as you leave me there and don't bother me.'

'Jeez you sound like Ty.' He said and followed the others.

Emma was about to follow him when Julian took her hand and sharply turned her toward him and pulled her close to him, his grip strong on her hand, his eyes furious.

'Tell me!' He hissed.

'Don't make a scene now that someone can see us, and let me go.' He let her go, but was still standing close to her, invading her private space.

'Is it Mark?' He asked her.

'What makes you think it's Mark?'

'You're different around him. You blush and act like a girl who is actually-' He let out a sigh and bent his head down, his fingers instantly in his hair, grabbing and pulling at it angrily. 'Like you are in love.' His voice broke in a tiny whisper and Emma's heart actually skipped a beat. She felt his pain all too good and it was hard to act tough and desinterested.

And beside it all, Emma couldn't believe that he was actually buying all this. It appeared jealousy and delusion was stronger than the eyes of love, but then again he saw what she wanted him to see. She let out a sigh herself and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

After not getting a response or any kind of reaction from her, Julian raised his eyes back to hers and had to actually note that she was avoiding his gaze and looked rather flushed by their conversation.

'I'm right, aren't I?' He asked and she could hear anger building in his voice. Emma didn't answer and refused to look at him.

'Answer me Emma.' He asked more forceful and Emma just shook her head and turned around, ready to leave him and go back in the Institute, but before she even got that chance Julian got her by the elbow and spun her roughly toward him, pulling her closer to him while grasping her hand. He was surprised to see tears in her eyes. His face suddenly changed to more gentle features and Emma was mad at herself for not being able to hold up an act. She was so busted right now, but she decided to give it a chance. One last chance before he actually caught her red handed.

'Yes.' She said and her voice trembled. She was a horrible liar. In fact she was no liar at all.

'Yes what?' Julian asked obviously having forgotten what they were talking about. He was shocked seeing Emma so vulnerable and so hurt, with actual tears in her eyes. That was not his Emma.

'It's always been Mark, Jules. Always.' She said while looking into his eyes. She saw how something inside them changed, how something died as if somebody turned a light off. There was a long silence and then his expression changed to a disgusted one. He let her go and stormed down the steps. It worked. He actually believed her. This time he actually couldn't tell that she was lying.

Emma turned her back to the beach and decided to go behind the Institute, near the small desert where she could be alone for a moment. She sat on the stone railing, which was also a side wall to the stairs which led down to the beach. It was not long after, when Mark showed up and stood in front of her carefully studying her.

'What happened up here?' He asked her and came a step closer.

'I told Jules about us. He believed it.'

'Why do you sound so disappointed by it? So hurt?'

'Because he knows me so well and he always knows when I am lying and now... now he believed me.' Emma was staring at her palms which were sprayed across her lap and didn't realize that Mark was actually getting closer to her. Only when he pulled her slightly by the hair did she lift her eyes to meet his and immediately regretted it. He saw there were tears in them and his expression changed to a concerned one. Emma looked down before he could do anything more.

'Why?' He asked softly and gently. She knew the full question. _Why are you crying? Why are you hurt? Why are you not telling me more?_ Emma shook her head. She was afraid the moment she spilled the beans, it will be the moment she will break into tears and she was not beautiful when she cried. Nobody was. She used her privacy to cry and then went on to conquer the world and kill some demons.

'Emma.' He said more persistently. Emma stood still and hoped he will leave her alone if she didn't answer him. Contrary to that, he put his arms on the railing, on each side of her and leaned in closer. Emma pushed herself back in order to escape the cage he made around her with his arms, but instead made more space for him to come closer to her, now that her legs were not extended in front of her,

but instead against the stone wall, Mark was able to come closer to her, pushing her further back.

'Don't do that.' She said shyly.

'Why not?' He was obviously amused by her reaction.

'There is nobody to see us now anyways so no need for us to display unnecessary closeness.' She lifted her head to his and was surprised by how close he was leaning into her. It was unnerving and intimidating.

'Actually there is.' He said. 'Ty has been sitting under that huge umbrella and has been observing me and the kids. He is the brains of the group and I am pretty sure we need him to believe us as much as Julian believes you are falling in love with me.'

'And you're suggesting by invading my private space he'll believe us.' Emma remarked with a snort. It was amazing how Mark worked on her mood and actually helped her get herself together. Intentionally or not, he was a big help right now, well not in that position, but still.

'If you stopped pulling yourself away from me then it might as well work.' He was kinda right. Emma was trying to escape his cage by leaning backwards and he was leaning deeper into her and if this went on, soon she'd be lying on top of the railing and he will be on top of her. She knew this was going to be a scandalous sight for anyone from the Institute, so she stopped her attempts to 'run' away. Instead she looked at him and noticed the shape of his eyes, the intense color of both eyes, his pale lashes, the same color as his soft, curly hair. She looked at the shape of his delicate nose, his cheekbones and then his lips. His rosy lips, which looked soft and sweet. She wondered if they tasted as sweet as she saw them. She shook off the thought, but it seemed that he was reading her mind as he was already leaning in to kiss her.

Emma caught her breath and froze. Mark stopped an inch in front of her lips before making sure she was fine with what he was about to do. After that he leaned in and kissed her full on the mouth. She was so surprised and overwhelmed by the sensation his kiss sent through her body, that she frantically searched for support and ended up putting her hands on top of his, which were encasing her. Mark put more pressure to the kiss and moved his lips against her. They were indeed soft. Very soft and very foreign. It felt as if she was kissing a creature out of this world, something magical and new. She was sure it was that wildness he carried inside of him. His faerie heritage.

She wasn't sure how much access she was supposed to give him, or if she should initiate anything, but she did open her mouth slightly out of reflex. He took this as encouragement and deepened the kiss even dared to lick her lower lip. Emma squeezed his hands and returned the pressure he was putting on her and pushed against him. She was now fully responding to his kiss, but the moment he tried to involve more tongue and to place himself between her legs she whimpered and pulled back sharply.

They both seemed to have lost themselves to the kiss and its sensation and looked rather disconnected to the reality. Confusion

was written on both of their faces as if they were just waking up from a dream. This has deffinetly taken them way too far then it had been needed.

'I'm sorry.' Marked apologized and let Emma go. He meant it. He obviously didn't want to go that far, but ended up going further then his intentions.

'It's okay.' Emma felt her cheeks burning and put both of her palms on them in an attemp to cool them off. Mark stepped back and Emma got on her feet and went back to the Insitute without giving him another look, without turning back. She was way out of her mind to think and handle straight.

If anyone else was more shocked and stunned then both of them and their kiss then it deffnetely was Ty, who found himself incapable of turning his eyes away when he saw his brother kissing Emma, even though he knew it was a form of violating their private time together, even if they didn't know he was watching. He just couldn't. He found this kind of affection, this kind of relationship and closeness to another human being strange and weird and interesting.

>He was amazed by the side his brother was showing, by his desire and Emma responding to him. Maybe this was a good thing, he tought. Maybe this way Mark will stay for sure and there was nobody else to take him away from them, now that he was showing this kind of affection towards Emma. Now that he was opening to someone like this. <p>

3. Chapter 3

Okay guys, you have a third chapter today! Wohoo! Thank you all so much for the very, very nice reviews and encouraging comments, I didn't really know I needed to read something like that to know that I actually need it and I am very happy about it. I am very glad that you enjoy it so far and I just had an idea for the forth chapter, so I guess you won't have to wait long for it!

>This is the part were I should mention that I usually write the chapters in one attempt, very spontaneously while being extemely sleep deprived. I do edit the chapter as good as I can while actually having slept though. There are still some mistakes though and I apologize, I'll try to be more careful with them.
Also another mention is that Perfect Diego and Emma are my brotp. That sass they have is overwhelming. So without further ado,the new chapter!

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By the time it got dark outside, Emma came to realize that Jules was not coming back soon. She knew he was very upset and angry with her, not to mention probably disgusted by the way he looked at her, moments before leaving. He probably was very disappointed by her choices and the way she was dealing with more intimate relationships, but she was also very worried about him. She didn't have much time to think about him though. After that kiss she shared with Mark her world turned upside down and now she was really lost. She felt like she had to pick between Mark and Julian, who or what should she worry about first. Her \_parabatai\_? Her feelings? Mark? She didn't know.

She was pacing in her room, unable to find a place to stand still and rethink everything that has happened, when someone knocked on her door. Her heart went to her feet. She wished it wasn't Mark, she was not ready to face him yet. Not somewhere where they can be alone. A brown hair came into vision as the person stuck their head through the door to check if Emma was in her room. It was Dru. Emma let out a relieved sigh out and felt her heart going back to normal.

'Do you know where Jules is?' she asked and looked around as if she was expecting to find him here.

'Haven't seen him since you guys went out to the beach. He isn't back yet?'

'No.'

'Don't worry, he'll be back, I guess he needs a time alone. He's alive and whole if that is your concern.' Emma assured and pointed to her parabatai rune on her upper arm.

'We're all kinda hungry and last time we tried to cook, we almost destroyed the kitchen and Mark got screamed at.'

'Dru you did destroy the kitchen.' Emma corrected her. 'I'll order something, what do you want to have?' Emma was already picking up her phone ready to make an order.

'No need. Cristina said she'll take over, but she may need help.' Dru informed her.

Uh-oh. Cristina never wants help with cooking. She is, unlike Emma, a very capable and competent girl when it comes to mixing stuff together in boiling water and actually creating something edible and delicious and not some poisonous potion. This was a sign that she wanted to talk with her about something. Emma knew where thing were about to go.

'I'll be right there.' She assured Dru and dropped her phone back on the bed. She let a sigh out and prepared herself for whatever was coming.

When she got to the kitchen Cristina was already cutting vegetables and putting them in the boiling water. It smelled wonderful, whenever Emma tried to cook, which was once, she managed to push the pot off the stove and almost boiled their previous cat, Oscar, to death. Since then she let all cooking be done by Jules. He was capable of handling those stuff.

'What's up?' Emma asked and sat on a chair at the corner of the table.

'You tell me. You okay?' Cristina asked friendly. She somehow always knew when Emma was feeling down and sensed her moods. They were pretty close to each other in the end.

'How do you think I am?'

'You seemed pressured. Like you're cornered and you cornered yourself.'

'You have no idea how close you are to the truth.'

'Want to share?' Cristina looked at her while cutting a carrot.

'I'd rather not. It's better for everybody for now.' Emma told her while she was looking at her delicate, fast fingers cutting the carrot at a murderous speed. She was ready to prevent her from cutting her finger off if needed.

'Okay.' Cristina said and turned her back on her to stir the soup.  
'What about you and Mark?'

Emma's heart skipped a beat once again this day. Soon she'll have to worry about dying from heart failure rather in a fight with a demon. Has Cristina saw them kissing today? She knew Ty saw, at least that's what Mark told her, she never confirmed herself if he was there, but it changed a lot if Cristina saw them. She was smart and even worse, she knew Emma and how she felt toward Julian.

'What about me and Mark?' She asked naively.

'You two seem odd in the last few days. Has anything happened?' Cristina still had her back toward her, but Emma could see the slight change in her shoulders as she asked the question.

'Well a lot has happened.' Emma told her. 'Plus it feels like I am getting to know him anew. He has changed so much from last time I saw him, I kinda want to see that change, want to see the difference and the old Mark.'

'It seems so. All Blackthorns are so careful around him, like he is a stranger. Has he really changed that much?'

Emma thought back, five years ago when the Institute was attacked. Mark told Julian to stay with her, took his weapons and headed outside to fight. He was the older one then, not in terms of age, but in terms of responsibility and taking care of the younger Blackthorns and Emma. He was a capable, confident, and often annoyed by his younger siblings, Shadowhunter. He was her example of a protective older brother, of a responsible young adult, of someone able to make decisions. He was a mess now. He didn't know what he was or where he belonged. He was torn apart and incapable of taking care of himself, let alone someone else. He has changed so much it hurt her to see the hurt in the eyes of the Blackthorns. He was broken so many times, he has lost himself. She came to realize that Mark was actually getting to know his old self and old life.

'Yes.' Emma said finally. 'Yes he has.'

Before Cristina could ask anything else, Livvy came in followed by Ty.

'Cameron is here.' She told Emma.

Great! Full house. Now the party could begin.

'What does he want?' Emma asked a bit hostile.

'To talk to you obviously, but he kinda stopped short and is waiting

for you at the entrance.'

'Why so?' Emma asked and raised an eyebrow.

'He saw Mark.' She told her and Emma immediately jumped from her chair.

Oh boy this was getting out of hand. Cameron was not informed about the return of Mark Blackthorn, so this must have taken him out like an unwanted surprise party.

'I'll check on them. You stay here.' Emma told them.

'But why?' Livvy asked, before she could protest further, Emma saw Ty put a hand around his sister's wrist and talked her out of it by just giving her a light squeez. Livvy seemed to have agreed and Emma nodded at Ty as a thank you and stormed off to the entrance of the Institute.

'Who are you again?' Emma heard Mark ask as she approached them. Cameron was staring at Mark as if he was beginning to question his sexuality, but Emma knew better. Ain't nothing straighter than an Ashdown and a Herondale in this world. Well the latter didn't quite apply ever since she came to know Kit.

'That's Cameron Ashdown.' Emma introduced as she descended the stairs and came to stand beside them. 'What are you doing here?' She asked Cameron and turned to him. 'At this hour?'

'You are not picking up your phone.' He told her.

'Yeah, there is a reason for that, it's called \_I don't want to talk to you.\_'

'I came to check in on you.'

'Obviously, but you came in in our home uninvited, without a notice at this time of the day. If there is an emergency you better tell me right now.'

'I am a Shadowhunter, I need no invitation for an Institute, that's where I belong, that's my home as well.'

Well, he was right about this one. It was not like Emma could kick him out because he was breaking in her home. He had the same rights, she and the rest of them had when it came to visiting Institutes. She couldn't argue with that. Before Emma could reply with something witty and very possibly insulting, the front door opened and Perfect Diego came in.

Diego seemed as surprised as the trio in front of him. He saw some familiar faces, some not and sensed not a very welcoming situation either, but he has learned that when it came to Emma nothing was ever welcoming, especially if you posed a threat to her friends or just your face annoyed her. He guessed right now, it was the latter.

'Who are you?' Both Perfect Diego and Cameron asked each other. Emma could feel her veins pulsing on each side of her temples.



'Perfect Diego meet Cameron Ashdown.' Emma introduced and indicated to them with her hands.

'Your name is Perfect Diego?' Cameron asked and raised an eyebrow. There was a slight mockery in his voice.

'That's how Emma chose to call me. I am Diego Rocio Rosales, a Schlomance gradu-'

'Yeah, yeah whatever, thank God you don't have ten names like some Mexicans, I would have kicked you out already, why do you even think I did the whole introduction for you? Because you have to brag about everything!' Emma was losing her cool and all of those individuals were making her nervous and aggressive. Especially when they were all together in the same room.

'Why do you call him Perfect Diego?' Cameron asked and Emma rolled her eyes. After the introduction Diego tried to make, this was all that was left in his head. Why Emma called Perfect Diego, Perfect Diego? She rubbed her temples.

'Can't you see?' she asked with a witty smile on her face.

'Wait.' Cameron squinted his eyes and looked from Emma to Diego, while slightly pointing at them with his index finger. 'Are you dating this guy?'

'Dios mio.' Diego said and crossed himself. Emma gave him a dreadful look. 'Do I look like I have a dead wish?' He then asked Cameron.

'So no?' Cameron asked unsure.

'No!' Emma and Diego said in unison.

Before anyone could speak the front door opened once again and Julian came in.

\_Awesome, \_Emma thought. She was pretty sure this was like a nightmare come true for Julian. Her attractive ex, an annoying, good-looking and insanely hot Centurion, whom Emma herself acknowlaged as hot, and her current love interest and at the same time his brother. All in one place. All of them together as to serve as a reminder that Emma had it good before Julian and that she will have it good after him. Julian stared at them, before looking at Emma for a while and again divertig his gaze elsewhere.

'What are you doing here?' He asked Cameron and pointed towards him with his chin.

'Why aren't you asking what this Perfect Diego guy is doing here?'

'He is staying here.' Julian answered evenly as if the conversation was something trivial. Julian had no emotion on his face. He was more or less his old self. He closed the door behind him and went up the stairs, obvious sign he did not want to take part in whatever was happening between them. He didn't belong in the that club anyways.

Plus he saw that Emma was pissed and he was not in the mood to save the guys. He wanted some of them gone anyways.

'And what about Mark, why didn't you tell me about him?' Cameron turned to Emma.

'None of your business, plus we weren't allowed to talk about his return until recently. A lot of things happened and you missed a lot and I don't have the time or the nerves to tell you, so please if you don't have anything better to say just go.'

'I just wanted to talk.'

'Good. I don't. That's what having broken up means.'

'Em.' Cameron began pleadingly and stepped closer to her.

'I think you're forcing your luck.' It was Mark that spoke this time. He was so quiet Emma almost forgot about him. He had his long arms crossed in front of his chest and seemed to have been observing the situation, until now, when he decided to speak. 'Nothing good comes out when it's forced out.'

'This is kinda between us.' Cameron told Mark. Emma went past them and to the door where she seized up Cortana.

'Wow, wow, wow!' Diego raised his hands in a protective manner. 'That is not how I wanna go down. Plus I don't think even I would be able to hold her down, you better leave now or she'll cut us all into tiny pieces and feed us to her cat, right?' He turned to Emma at the last part and winked. She smiled at him.

'My fish. I'll feed you to my fish.' She corrected and gestured to the door for Cameron. 'We'll talk when I feel like talking.'

Cameron took one final look at Mark and Diego before finally leaving. Emma shut the door behind him and hung Cortana back into place. Diego approved of her decision to leave the weapon, not to mention he felt relieved and more secured with Emma unarmed, and then went away, leaving Emma and Mark alone.

They both seemed unable to say anything so Emma decided to go back to the kitchen, when Mark stopped her.

'Should I be worried?' He asked her. Emma turned to him.

'Worry about what?'

'That boyfrined of yours.'

'He is not my boyfriend.'

'Not anymore.' Mark added as a statement.

'Not anymore.' She added as a confirmation.

There was a short silence and an awkward sensation to it as well. Emma was ready to leave again, when Mark came closer to her.

'You felt it too, didn't you?' He asked and looked at her with a mischevious curiosity.

'Felt what?' His mysterious way of talking was almost making her angry and impatient.

'The kiss, it's sensation and what it brought to us.'

She did not expect him to bring up the kiss. Not this soon. Not like this. Not at all.

'I don't know what you are talking about.'

'Sure you do. \_The storm calls out to you as it calls out to me, right?\_ It was hard for you to pull away, it was hard for me to let go. It was a wild sensation. Something we both needed and probably desired.'

Emma felt very uncomfortable and flushed at his words. She avoided his gaze, but the fact that she could feel his eyes on her was not helping her very much. She looked him in eyes. And there it was again, that feral, alien look in them. This untamed wildness that was indeed calling out to her, pulling her to him. The more she was staring at his eyes, the harder it got to divert her gaze away. It was as if trying to pull away to magnets, that were stuck together so hard, it would cause damage to attempt separating them.

Mark closed the short distance between them and put a gentle kiss on the top of her head and then patted and ruffled her hair. Emma felt like she was about melt into the ground.

'I'll see you later.' He told her and left her alone in the big room, where Emma suddenly felt very small and very not in control of her body and emotions.

#### 4. Chapter 4

Well, looks like I finished this one pretty fast as well. I have an idea for a fifth chapter, but I don't know when I will be able to upload it since this week I am travelling and I won't be home with my laptop for a week so you might have to wait a bit longer for the next one.

>Thanks again for the lovely reviews and I apologize again in advance for any mistakes I have overseen.<br>Enjoy!

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When Emma got to the kitchen, everyone else was already beginning to dig in the delicious food that Cristina has cooked for them. Julian, Emma had to notice, was not present. It was no surprise either. If she was in his position and didn't know what was happening and was constantly reminded of his past and future relationships, she would also lock herself away.

She sat between Livvy and Dru, across from Mark.

'What about Julian.' Cristina asked and served Emma a delicious bowl of soup.

'He's not hungry.' Emma lied. 'I'll bring his food to him after we're finished.'

'We are out of products, we have to go grocery shopping tomorrow.'

'Leave it to me.' Emma volunteered.

'You can't possibly go shopping for ten people by yourself.' Perfect Diego remarked from across the table, where he was sitting between Cristina and Mark.

'Try me.' Emma told with her mouth full.

'Stop it you two! I'll go with Emma. We'll take the car and do some quality shopping, okay?'

'Sure.' Emma was glad to spend some time with Cristina. Maybe if she relaxed enough she would tell her the problems she was currently dealing with.

'We need to clean up the house.' Livvy added. 'Diana's been complaining about the lack of neatness and order we possess.'

'Maybe because we possess none.' Ty said while staring at this bowl.

'Then she should clean it herself.' Emma told to no one in particular. Cristina scowled at her direction, but said nothing. Emma knew she was trying to make things easier and less hostile between everyone. She's been preventing fights and arguments all this time. Little by little she had taken the part of a mother. Maybe Emma should really let Livvy set her up with Julian, but with Perfect Diego around, this was impossible. Emma could see the way she looked at him when she thought nobody was watching.

'I'll need to stay and help with the cleaning. The others will need supervision with it.' Cristina told Emma and looked apologetically at her.

'I can go with Emma.' Mark said. 'I can go outside now, more or less at least. I want to go outside and see for myself how much this place has changed.'

'I'm not sure it's a good idea.' Diego said concerned.

'I'm not sure anyone here asked for your opinion or permission.' Emma said evenly.

'Okay you really need to stop it!' Cristina raised her voice. Emma and Diego just shrugged. It was their way of communicating, but Cristina was still worried Emma might jump at him and then there was no stopping both of them.

'Tina I've done much worse in the past month than taking Mark out for grocery shopping. I am nearly certain that we will return safely with the food.' Emma tried to assure her as best as could, while staying true to her sarcastic nature.

'You see that nearly part is worrying me.' Cristina told her.

'Worry not, I am not visiting any Shadow Markets.' Emma grinned brightly at her.

'That's because none are open at that time of the day.' Cristina let out a sigh. 'Let me write the stuff I we need.'

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After finishing dinner, Emma took a tray with food and went straight to Julian's room. She was not surprised to not find him there. She went to the studio and knocked on the door before opening it. He was not in there as well. His private room must it be then. Emma put the tray down on the table and went to the other door and knocked.

'Jules.' There was no response. Emma knocked again, this time with more force. 'Julian.'

There was still no answer. Emma exhaled and put her forehead on the door, one hand still on the massive wood ready to knock.

'Have something to eat please. I left you the tray on the table.' She was ready to go, sure of the fact that Julian was not going to touch his food. Like his uncle. She's forgotten about him, and Julian was in no shape to care for his uncle right now.

'I'll bring one to Arthur as well.' She said before stepping away.

'I'll do it.' She heard him say behind the door. She didn't know how to respond to that or if she should insist on talking with him right now.

'Cristina and the kids are going to clean the house tomorrow.' She informed him while looking at the locked door. 'Me and Mark are going grocery shopping.' She added finally.

When he didn't say anything and the door didn't open, she gave up for today and turned around to leave. There was suddenly a loud and an abrupt sound behind her. It was Julian, who has opened the door a bit too aggressively and came toward her with a stern expression on his face. He caught her by the arm and pulled her to the room, slammed the door shut and pushed Emma against it, pinnig her by the shoulders in a painful grip.

'What are you doing?' Emma was shocked by the sudden movement and mostly by her slow reaction. Her guard was exeptionally low when she was around Julian. She felt secure and protected around him so it was easier for him as well to take her by surprise.

'Are you going to rub it in my face now?' He asked through gritted teeth. His breathing was fast and on short periods. He was mad and was trying not to let it all out on her. He was trying not to give to the anger he felt, his eyes were wild, almost like a cat, which is about to kill its prey.

'Let me go.' She said calmly, without trying to free herself. She

first needed to make sure he was able to listen to her and hope that he will come back to his senses and realize that what he was doing was not fine. He didn't. Instead he pushed her harder against the door and tightened his grip around her shoulders. Emma tensed because she was trying not to fight back. It was in her blood to fight back. Just because it was Julian didn't make any difference to her. She enjoyed training with him, but now she wouldn't enjoy fighting for real.

'Why are you doing this to me Emma?' He growled and shook her a little bit.

'Julian. Let me go, you are hurting me.' She repeated calmly, but her own breathing was getting ragged. She put her hands around his wrists as a signal for him to let go.

'Why does it have to be Mark?' Julian didn't seem to notice her hands on his, his eyes were pinned on hers as if there he will find his answers. Emma pushed at him lightly, but that was not a good idea as well since their bodies touched and Julian was not supposed to see the effect he had on her. He was supposed to see her falling in love with his brother, being happy with him.

Julian let her go and turned around.

'Are you going to play with him as well?' He asked, his back facing her.

'What?' This felt like a slap to her face. How could he ask her something like that.

'You know, like you did with me? Like you did with Cameron?' He turned around to look her in the eyes and Emma saw his pained expression. 'He won't be able to handle it Emma! It will break him if you betray him as well. He may never come back to his old self if you were to hurt him and if he left us, I don't want to blame you for it. So don't do it. Don't deceive him.'

Emma was shocked. Julian was actually accepting this in his own masochistic way. He was being as selfless as always, thinking about his family first, then himself. More than ever Emma wanted to go to him and hug him, assure him that it will be fine, touch him and stop his pain. But she couldn't. She was the one causing him pain.

'I can't.' She said in a small voice. She wasn't sure if he heard her. 'It's too late.'

Julian's head sank.

'Don't hurt him. Just don't do that.' He told her and came towards her. Emma stiffened for a moment, before she realized that Julian was reaching behind her and opened the door. 'Leave me alone now.' He told her, avoiding her gaze.

Emma stepped out and watched as Julian locked the door and left her alone in the studio. She felt terrible. There was no place for her to seek comfort in. There was nobody. She had Julian, but Julian didn't want her. She destroyed her haven and now she was lonely and empty and scared. There was no place for her to go to.

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Not paying attention to where she was going, Emma ended up in the room with her father's violin. The room was dark, but thanks to the full moon and big window, there was a low silver light coming through. The window was opened and Emma could hear the crashing of the waves against rocks. She could hear the strom that was coming. The strom that was calling out to her.

She entered the dusty room and looked around. It was a room nobody used. There were old stuff, nobody needed, but also nobody wanted to throw away. White sheets covered furniture and other objects, like the violin that once used to play a happy tune. The viloin that once came to life at the touch of her father's gentle fingers. Emma removed the sheet and revealed the box in which the violin was kept in. She slowly straced her fingers on it before opening the box.

She has attempeted to play the violin and her father has attempted to teach her how to play it. But the result was always the same. Instead of the heavenly sounds her father was able to produce, a sound that even Raziel would have enjoyed if he wasn't so grumpy, Emma could only produce the sound of horror and the screaming of hundred dying cats. _Don't use so much pressure, press lighter here, hold the bow as if you are holding something that may break by the lightest touch, _her father had told her when he was trying to teach her. But Emma distributed the pressure elsewhere, causing the hair on the bow to actually come off and Emma stared in horror. _What have I done? _Her eyes told. She thought she ruined her father's precious violin forever, but he had just laughed and assured her it was fine. This part was repairable. Emma was since then scared to touch the tender instrument and let all violin playing be done by her father. She just enjoyed listening to him, this was always enough for her.

It was then that Emma realized her hands, her fingers, they were not meant to hold this kind of intrument. Her hands were the hands of a warrior, of a fighter. The hands of someone who could only bring destruction and death, not the hands of someone capable of creating something as beautiful as what her father was able to create. He had then told her that she should not be disappointed, for what she was able to do was also an art. The art all Shadowhunters learned and some did better then others. She took pride in her ablities and trained harder. Maybe all this time she was trying to compensate for the lack of a gentle side, the lack of being able to create, not just destroy.

Her father was proud of her, she knew. She saw it in his eyes, the way he encouraged her to do better. He saw that she was meant for it. He saw that she was meant to be a true warrior, a powerful and respected one. A fearful fighter.

Emma touched the strings on the violin and felt a pang, the momet she heard the sound they made. This was her only connection to her family. To all that she was. She ran her fingers along the strings, before being unable to take no more. This was not the sound she needed to hear now. She should let go, she should learn to live without it, but it hurt so much. It was all a memory, a sound in her head. The moments she has spent with her father, he playing the violin and Emma daydreaming.

She slammed the box shut and closed her eyes. After feeling ready

enough she covered the instrument with the white sheet and stared at it. This was the only family member left. The only thing that made her feel close to her parents, to feel them alive. One day she will learn how to play the sounds her father used to play for her and her mother. One day she will be able to hear them again, to hear the memories and relive them. She could imagine herself, playing the violin and her parents, looking at her with pride.

Someday indeed. But today was not the day. She still had a lot to learn as a warrior, she was not finished with her training, there were other things to do first. But one day, she promised herself, one day she will accomplish her goals.

She left the room and decided to go to the roof, where she could watch the storm, where the storm was calling out to her.

Mark was there, but this was no surprise to her. She knew he was there, he was as fascinated and as pulled to the view as she was. She sat next to him and stared at the restless sea. The water so dark, it appeared black, like the heavily clouded sky above it.

'It's beautiful, in a very cruel way.' Emma said, her eyes on the sea. Mark shifted slightly beside her.

'You actually let yourself be led by the wild.' He stated and looked at her.

'There is no point in pretending when I am with you.'

'There in none indeed.' She felt him smile beside her, not mockingly, just smiling.

'But how come you can see that?' She asked and this time she searched his eyes. There was something challenging in them, when he looked back at her.

'You and I are alike.' he told her and for a while returned his gaze to the sea.

'How so?'

'We give in to desire, while loving something or someone completely different.'

'I don't-'

'That Cameron guy.' Mark cut her off. 'You don't love him. You never have and never will. You just give in to the desire you feel, the need to let go for a moment and enjoy other deeper and darker places.'

Last time Emma checked Mark was no medium, who could get in her head like that. He most certainly was not someone who could read people like that, or was he? Maybe she hadn't payed attention back then, but now it was different. The way he talked, the way he walked, the way he looked at her. Knowingly what was going inside her head. He was only looking at her that way, because as he had said, they were alike. They were pulled toward each other by desire.

'You love Julian. You always have, but you are one of those people

who are able to share their body with others, but keep their heart for only one person.'

Emma shivered, but not because of the wind. It was his words, which were making her itchy all over. Her skin felt hot and cold at the same time.

'I am able to do that as well. I can share intimacy, kisses, body with anyone I want, but my heart stays loyal to only one person. That is why I agreed to your request. I feel drawn to you and I want to learn how to sever the connection which is keeping my heart a prisoner. Maybe if I give you a lot, eventually my heart will be set free.'

'I don't think I can.' Emma said absently. Her eyes were all over his face searching for something, she didn't know what exactly, but her eyes were searching.

'Of course you can.' He assured her and gave her a devilish smile. 'You had previous relationships while being in love with Julian, you shared your body. You kissed me back when I kissed you today.'

'I pulled away!' Emma tried to defend herself. She felt like a kid. So stupid and looking for any kind of excuse to make her point valid. To prove that she didn't want that kiss, didn't want to respond to it.

'Only because you liked it and it scared you.'

Emma's eyes got wider and she stood up. She couldn't take it anymore. She was only to get angrier and nothing good came out when she got angry. Mark stood up as well and faced her, looking at her eyes, while she was desperately trying to look away. She couldn't, it was as if he had her under a spell. She couldn't move either, when he put a hand on her arm and came closer to her. He closed the short distance between them and was just looking at her.

'There is no need to lie to yourself when you are with me Emma. I am like you. I liked it as well and it scared me.' He told her, his breath warm on her face. Emma was almost shaking. This was driving her crazy. This short distance between them. They were so close to each other, they could feel each other's breaths and hear each other's heartbeats, but at the same time, she felt so far away from him.

'I can' he said in low, silent voice, his head coming toward hers 'prove you.'

He stopped an inch before her mouth and waited for her permission. His eyes were focused on hers and Emma's were on his, but hers then shifted to his lips and stayed there. Without actually realizing she licked her own lips before taking Mark by the collar of his jacket and pulling him hard against her.

Their lips crashed hard and Emma didn't wait long before slipping her hands around Mark's neck, pulling him closer to her. So close that they were almost fusing in one person.

Mark quickly put his hands around Emma's waist and pulled her harder

to him. He was surprised by her sudden reaction and the fact that she actually kissed him, but he was quick to react to her needs. He was kissing her, not holding back this time, his hands running up and down her back.

This kiss was different from the last. There was nothing preventing them from touching now. Their bodies were melted into one, they could feel each other's heat, skin, muscles. It was not a gentle kiss either. It was a wild one, full of desire and need. Like they were trying to tear each other apart, fighting for dominance. This time it was Emma that bit into his lower lip and was eager enough to deepen the kiss.

They were pulling at their clothes so hard, trying to be so close to the other, to make sure they were glued on them, that it practically seemed as if they were dancing. They were moving around the roof, almost on the edge, but careful enough not to fall from it.

When Mark slipped his hands under Emma's shirt and dug his nails in her back, she hissed in pain and sharply pulled away from him. Mark was confused for a moment. She was so passionate about this, and now she was on the defensive again. He looked at her expression, her gritted teeth and followed her hand, which was carefully placed on her lower back and realized. He hurt her. He actually caused her pain. He has totally forgotten, about the lashes she had taken for him and even though her back was healed, it was still a vulnerable place. It was her weak place.

'I am so sorry Emma!' He said with a panicked expression. 'I forgot, I am so sorry! I didn't want to, it was not my intention.'

It hurt Emma to see him so scared and vulnerable. A moment ago he was the wild faerie, who was eager to take her shirt off, to feel more of her and now he was this tiny, vulnerable human being which was reminded of all pain he had caused and felt.

'It's fine. I am not very fond of my back being touched like that now.' She smiled at him a bit mockingly. Mark didn't seem to feel better, but her smile encouraged him that she was indeed fine.

Emma turned around to leave and stopped before going back inside. She turned to Mark and looked him in the eyes.

'You are right.' She said and he raised a questionable eyebrow. 'We are the same, you and I.'

She turned her back to him and left.

End
file.